

## U. S. SOLDIERS POLICE CANAL ZONE CITIES

Action Taken to Prevent Disorders Because Elections Are Postponed.

### WILSON RECEIVES PROTEST

Trouble Arises Over "Cleaning Up" the Cities of Colon and Panama—President Urriola Wires Sharply to Washington.

Washington, July 1.—United States troops will remain in Colon and Panama, according to present intentions, until order is established and all the elections have been held.

Panama, July 1.—Upon orders from Washington, American troops began policing Panama and Colon at two o'clock Friday afternoon. The action was taken under the treaty of 1904 authorizing the United States to assume this police duty whenever it was necessary to maintain order. The Panamanian government has protested to Washington against the measure.

Because the former administration had refused to correct conditions in the two cities, soldiers in the canal zone were forbidden to enter them, and the civilian employees boycotted Colon and Panama until the mandate of the military authorities was carried out by the Panamanian government.

The new administration, under President Urriola, began to clean up the cities, but in connection with this work, announced that the elections fixed for June 30 and July 7 would be postponed for six months because of the fear that serious disorders might occur if held on the dates set by law.

The opposition party protested to Washington against the deferment of the elections, claiming that such a move would serve no purpose except to favor the candidates supported by the new administration. The American state department advised President Urriola to hold the elections.

He replied that a fair election could not be held now and suggested that American commissioners supervise the making up of poll books and assume charge of an election to be held late in July or early in August, which, the president said, could be held in an open and fair manner.

No disorders have been reported since it was announced that the decree forbidding the elections would be enforced by the police.

The opposition party again protested to Washington and yesterday the American state department notified President Urriola that because of disorders American troops would police the cities until further notice.

#### Urriola Issues Statement.

Dr. Cirro Urriola, the president, last night issued a statement on the situation. It reads:

"Foreign Secretary Lefevre states that at eleven o'clock Friday morning, the charge d'affaires of the United States delivered a note informing him that the United States by virtue of article 7 of the treaty of 1904 had ordered that its armed forces, at two o'clock should enter the cities of Panama and Colon to maintain the public order in them and on the waters adjacent to them.

"At that hour in the midst of profound tranquility the armed American forces entered without the least resistance on the part of our police or of the authorities, notwithstanding that the Panamanian government did not have time to inform the city authorities as to the manner in which the American troops would exercise their functions as police, because the memorandum covering this feature was not handed to me until after one o'clock in the afternoon.

"I do not wish to characterize now as unjustifiable this act of the government of the United States, but the fact should be considered that my government with the forces at its disposal is able to maintain public order in the whole nation, and without doubt in the cities of Panama and Colon.

"True, it is, that there is considerable political excitement because of the approaching elections, but this is characteristic of all democracies.

"It is also true that, although there were fears of disturbances in some parts of the republic, nothing has taken place nor could take place, which should give rise to a doubt that the government is impotent to put down with a strong hand the least attempt at public disorder.

#### Sharp Cablegram to Wilson.

President Urriola has prepared a manifesto to the country and yesterday afternoon sent the following cablegram to President Wilson:

"Today at eleven o'clock I was informed by the charge d'affaires of the United States in this capital that at two o'clock the cities of Panama and Colon would be occupied by the military forces of the canal zone on the pretext of maintaining public order, which violates the sovereignty of Panama without any justification, inasmuch as the government of Panama has sufficient means to maintain order in these cities, and I decline to share with your excellency's government the responsibilities which so grave an action implies.

CIRRO LUIS URRIOLA."

## Long Live The King

By  
MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

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Curiously, while she was still on her knees, her bargain made, the plan came to her by which, when the time came, the terrorists were to rouse the people to even greater fury. Still kneeling, she turned it over in her mind. It was possible. More, it could be made plausible, with her assistance. And at the vision it evoked—Metlich's horror and rage, Hedwig's pulling tears, her own triumph—she took a deep breath. Revenge with a vengeance, retaliation for old hurts and fresh injuries, these were what she found on her knees, while the bell in the valley commenced the mass, and a small boy, very rapt and very earnest, prayed for his grandfather's life.

Yet the bargain came very close to being made the other way that day, and by Karl himself.

On the day of the pilgrimage Karl found himself strangely restless and uneasy. Olga Loschek haunted him, her face when he had told her about the letter, her sagging figure when he had left her.

Something like remorse stirred on him. She had taken great risks for him. Of all the women he had known, she had most truly and unselfishly loved him.

Very nearly did he swing the scale in which Olga Loschek had hung her bargain with God—so nearly that in the intervals of affixing his sprawling signature to various documents, he drew a sheet of note paper toward him. Then, with a shrug, he pushed it away. So Olga Loschek lost her bargain.

At dawn the next morning the countess, still pale with illness and burning with fever, went back to the city.

"Thus," said the concierge, frying onions over his stove—"thus have they always done. But you have been blind. Rather, you would not see."

Old Adelbert stirred uneasily. "So long as I accept my pension—"

"Why should you not accept your pension? A trifle in exchange for what you gave. For them, who now ill use you, you have gone through life but half a man. But one use they have for us, you and me, my friend—to tax us."

"The taxes are not heavy," quoth old Adelbert.

"There are some who find them so." The concierge heaped his guest's plate with onions.

Old Adelbert played with his steel fork. "I was a good patriot," he observed nervously, "until they made me otherwise."

"I will make you a better. A patriot is one who is zealous for his country and its welfare. That means much. It means that when the established order is bad for a country, it must be changed. Not that you and I may benefit. God knows, we may not live to benefit. But that Livonia may free her neck from the foot of the oppression and raise her head among nations."

From which it may be seen that old Adelbert had at last joined the revolutionary party, an uneasy and unhappy recruit, it is true, but a recruit. "If only some half measure would suffice," he said, giving up all pretense of eating. "This talk of rousing the mob, of rioting and violence, I do not like them."

"Then has age turned the blood in your veins to water?" said the concierge contemptuously. "Half measures! Since when has a half measure been useful? Did half measures win in your boasted battles? And what half measures would you propose?"

Old Adelbert sat silent. Now and then, because his mouth was dry, he took a sip of beer from his tankard. The concierge ate, taking huge mouthfuls of onions and bread, and surveying his feeble-hearted recruit with appraising eyes. To win him would mean honor, for old Adelbert, decorated for many braveries, was a power among the veterans. Where he led, others would follow.

"Make no mistake," said Black Humbert cunningly. "We aim at no bloodshed. A peaceful revolution, if possible. The king, being dead, will suffer not even humiliation. Let the royal family scatter where it will. We have no designs on women. The chancellor, however, must die."

"I make no plea for him," said old Adelbert bitterly. "I wrote to him also, when I lost my position, and received no reply. We passed through the same campaigns, as I reminded him, but he did nothing."

"As for the crown prince," observed the concierge, eyeing the old man over the edge of his tankard, "you know our plan for him. He will be cared for as my own child, until we get him beyond the boundaries. Then he will be safely delivered to those who know nothing of his birth. A private fund of the republic will support and educate him."

Old Adelbert's hands twitched. "He is but a child," he said, "but already he knows his rank."

"It will be wise for him to forget it." His tone was ominous. Adelbert

glanced up quickly, but the terrorist had seen his error, and masked it with a grin. "Children forget easily," he said, "and by this secret knowledge of yours, old comrade, all can be peacefully done. Until you brought it to me, we were, I confess, fearful that force would be necessary. To admit the rabble to the palace would be dangerous. Mobs go mad at such moments. But now it may be effected with all decency and order!"

"And the plan?"

"I may tell you this," The concierge shoved his plate away and bent over the table. "We have set the day as that of the carnival. On that day all the people are on the streets. Processions are forbidden, but the usual costuming with their corps colors as pompons is allowed. Here and there will be one of us clad in red, a devil, wearing the colors of his satanic majesty. Those will be of our forces, leaders and speech makers. When we secure the crown prince, he will be put into costume until he can be concealed. They will seek, if there be time, the Prince Ferdinand William Otto. Who will suspect a child, wearing some fantastic garb of the carnival?"

"But the king?" inquired old Adelbert in a shaking voice. "How can you set a day, when the king may rally? I thought all hung on the king's death."

The concierge bent closer over the table. "Doctor Weideman, the king's physician, is one of us," he whispered. "The king lives now only because of stimulants to the heart. His body is already dead. When the stimulants cease, he will die."

Old Adelbert covered his eyes. He had gone too far to retreat now. Driven by brooding and trouble, he had allied himself with the powers of darkness.

He sat silent while the concierge cleared the table, and put the dishes in a pan for his niece to wash. And throughout the evening he said little. At something before midnight he and his host were to set out on a grave matter, nothing less than to visit the committee of ten, and impart the old soldier's discovery. In the interval he sat waiting, and nursing his grievances to keep them warm.

Black Humbert, waiting for the hour to start and filling his tankard repeatedly, grew loquacious. He hinted of past matters in which he had proved his value to the cause. Old Adelbert gathered that, if he had not actually murdered the late crown prince and his wife, he had been closely concerned in it. His thin, old flesh crept with anxiety. It was a bad business, and he could not withdraw.

"We should have had the child, too," boasted the concierge, "and saved much bother. But he had been, unknown to us, sent to the country. A matter of milk, I believe."

"But you say you do not war on children?"

"Bah! A babe of a few months. Furthermore," said the concierge, "I have a nose for the police. I scent a spy, as a dog scents a bone. Who, think you, discovered Haeckel?"

"Haeckel!" Old Adelbert sat upright in his chair.

"Aye, Haeckel, Haeckel the jovial, the archconspirator. Who but I? I suspected him. He was too fierce. He had no caution. He was what a peaceful citizen may fancy a revolutionist to be. I watched him. He was not brave. He was reckless because he had nothing to fear. And at last I caught him."

Old Adelbert was sitting forward on the edge of his chair, his jaw dropped. "And what then?" he gasped. "He was but a boy. Perhaps you misjudged him. Boys are reckless."

"I caught him," said the concierge. "I have said it. He knew much. He had names, places, even dates. For that matter, he confessed."

"Then he is dead?" quavered old Adelbert.

The concierge shrugged his shoulders. "Of course," he said briefly. "For a time he was kept here, in an upper room. He could have saved himself, if he would. We could have used him. But he turned sulky, refused speech, did not eat. When he was taken away," he added with unction, "he was so weak that he could not walk." He rose and consulted a great silver watch. "We can go now," he said. "The committee likes promptness."

They left together, the one striding out with long steps that were surprisingly light for his size, the other, hanging back a trifle, as one who walks because he must. Old Adelbert, who had loved his king better than his country, was a lagging "patriot" that night. His breath came short and labored. His throat was dry. As they passed the opera, however, he threw his head up. The performance was over, but the great house was still lighted, and in the foyer, strutting about, was his successor. Old Adelbert quickened his steps.

At the edge of the place, near the statue of the queen, they took a car, and so reached the borders of the city. After that they walked far. The scent of the earth, fresh turned by the plough, was in their nostrils. Cattle, turned out after the long winter, grazed or lay in the fields. Through the ooze of the road the two plodded; old Adelbert struggling through with difficulty, the concierge exhorting him impatiently to haste.

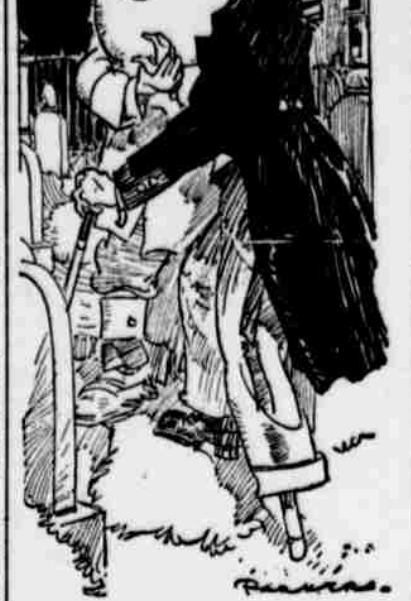
At last the leader paused, and surveyed his surroundings: "Here I must cover your eyes, comrade," he said. "It is a formality all must comply with."

Old Adelbert drew back. "I do not like your rule. I am not as other men. I must see where I go."

"I shall lead you carefully. And, if you fear, I can carry you." He chuckled at the thought. But old Adelbert knew well that he could do it, knew that he was as a child to those mighty arms. He submitted to the bandage, however, with an ill grace that caused the concierge to smile.

"It hurts your dignity, eh, old rooster!" he said jovially. "Others, of greater dignity, have felt the same. But all submit in the end."

He piloted the veteran among the graves with the ease of familiarity.



He Piloted the Veteran Among the Graves.

Only once he spoke. "Know you where you are?"

"In a field," said Adelbert, "recently ploughed."

"Aye, in a field, right enough. But one which sows corruption, and raises nothing, until perhaps great St. Gabriel calls in his crop."

Then, realizing the meaning of the mounds over which he trod, old Adelbert crossed himself.

"Only a handful know of this meeting place," boasted the concierge. "I, and a few others. Only we may meet with the committee face to face."

"You must have great influence," observed old Adelbert timidly.

"I control the guilds. He who today can sway labor to his will is powerful; very powerful, comrade. Labor is the great beast which tires of carrying burdens, and is but now learning its strength."

"Aye," said old Adelbert. "Had I been wise, I would have joined a guild. Then I might have kept my place at the opera. As it is, I stood alone, and they put me out."

"You do not stand alone now. Stand by us, and we will support you. The republic will not forget its friends."

Thus heartened, old Adelbert brightened up somewhat. Why should he, an old soldier, sweat at the thought of blood? Great changes required heroic measures. It was because he was old that he feared change. He stumped through the passageway without urging, and stood erect and with shoulders squared while the bandage was removed.

He was rather longer than Olga Loschek had been in comprehending his surroundings. His old eyes at first saw little but the table and its candles in their gruesome holders. But when he saw the committee his heart failed. Here, embodied before him, was everything he had loathed during all his upright and loyal years—anarchy, murder, treason. His face worked. The cords in his neck stood out like strings drawn to the breaking point.

The concierge was speaking. For all his boasting, he was ill at ease. His voice had lost its bravado, and had taken on a fawning note.

"This is the man of whom word was sent to the committee," he said. "I ventured to ask that he be allowed to come here, because he brings information of value."

"Step forward, comrade," said the leader. "What is your name and occupation?"

"Adelbert, excellency. As to occupation, for years I was connected with the opera. Twenty years, excellency. Then I grew old, and another—" His voice broke.

"What is the information that brings you here?"

Suddenly old Adelbert wept, terrible tears that forced their way from his faded eyes, and ran down his cheeks. "I cannot, excellencies!" he cried. "I find I cannot."

He collapsed into the chair, and throwing his arms across the table bowed his head on them. His shoulders heaved under his old uniform. The committee stirred, and the concierge caught him brutally by the wrist.

"Up with you!" he said, from clenched teeth. "What stupidity is this? Would you play with death?"

But old Adelbert was beyond fear. He shook his head. "I cannot," he muttered, his face hidden.

Then the concierge stood erect and folded his arms across his chest. "He is terrified, that is all," he said. "If the committee wishes, I can tell them of this matter. Later, he can be interrogated."

The leader nodded.

"By chance," said the concierge, "this brave veteran"—he glanced contemptuously at the huddled figure in the chair—"has come across an old passage, the one which rumor has said lay under the city wall, and for which

we have at different times instituted search."

He paused, to give his words weight. That they were of supreme interest could be told by the craning forward of the committee.

"The entrance is concealed at the base of the old Gate of the Moon. Our friend here followed it, and reports it in good condition. For a mile or thereabouts it follows the line of the destroyed wall. Then it turns and goes to the palace itself."

"Into the palace?"

"By a flight of stairs, inside the wall, to a door in the roof. This door, which was locked, he opened, having carried keys with him. The door he describes as in the tower. As it was night, he could not see clearly, but the roof at that point is flat."

"Stand up, Adelbert," said the leader sharply. "This that our comrade tells is true?"

"It is true, excellency."

"Shown a diagram of the palace, could you locate this door?"

Old Adelbert stared around him hopelessly. It was done now. Nothing that he could say or refuse to say would change that. He nodded.

When, soon after, a chart of the palace was placed on the table, he in-



"It Is There," He Said Thickly.

icated the location of the door with a trembling forefinger. "It is there," he said thickly. "And may God forgive me for the thing I have done!"

(Continued next week.)

Do you get up at night? Sanol is surely the best for all kidney or bladder troubles. Sanol gives relief in 24 hours from all backache and bladder troubles. Sanol is a guaranteed remedy. 50c and \$1.00 a bottle at the drug store.

## YANKEE KILLS SELF TO SAVE COMPANIONS

Picks Up Bomb in Dugout, Makes Barrier of Body and Awaits Explosion.

Somewhere in France there are four American soldiers who owe their lives to the courage and sacrifice of a companion, who deliberately killed himself in order that they might live. The story of the soldier's bravery has been brought back to America by an ordnance officer who had been at the front.

The soldier had been on duty at an outpost straightening the pins in hand grenades. After being relieved he returned to his dugout, where three of his pals were sleeping. The fourth lay awake on a bunk. The returning soldier had scarcely entered the dugout when a bomb fell out of his coat pocket, and, as it fell, the straightened safety pin slipped out. The soldier realized that within five seconds an explosion would probably kill every man in the dugout.

He had time to get through the door and leave his companions to their death. Just what passed through the soldier's mind in the next two or three seconds no man can ever tell. He reached a decision quickly. The brave soldier picked up the grenade, crept into a corner of the dugout, made a barrier out of his body and was instantly killed when the bomb exploded. His pals escaped injury.

SENT TO NEW YORK

Charles Robert Satterfield, son of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Satterfield, of this city, has been transferred from Baltimore, Md., to New York City. He is employed in the American Express Company.

## YOUR FACE IS YOUR FORTUNE

A thousand people look at your face while you glance at your feet—yet you spend money to keep your shoes in condition and neglect your face. RED CROSS Shaving Lotion (the after-shaving luxury), makes old faces look young and keeps all faces in the pink of condition. This and other RED CROSS toilet articles sold only by A. R. Fisher, Cloverport, Ky.

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## MASTERY OF SEA FIRMER THAN EVER

Allies' Grip on the Enemy Constantly Increasing.

### AS NAVAL EXPERT VIEWS IT

Seven Million Tons of Shipping Enter or Leave British Ports Monthly—Supplies Are Being Carried in Greater Volume Than a Year Ago—Submarine Menace Being Held—Strength of Allied Armies Growing Rapidly.

The necessity of keeping an eye upon the importance of sea power in the present conflict, despite the close attention claimed by the land battles, is emphasized by Archibald Hurd, the naval expert, writing in the London Daily Telegraph.

"We have been apt during the recent offensives on the western front," Mr. Hurd writes, "to overlook other aspects of the war—notably the fundamental factor, which is sea power. After a period of fifteen months, during which our strength in ships has steadily declined, the downward tendency now has been definitely arrested. Not only is our sea power increasing, but our grip on the enemy is firmer than at any previous period of the war."

7,000,000 Tons of Shipping. "Seven million tons of shipping enter or leave our ports monthly. Each ship is the target for enemy submarines, yet there have been days in the present week when the enemy has not secured a single ship."

"Twelve months ago we were with difficulty maintaining one stream of traffic, namely, that which brought us food and raw material. Today supplies are flowing through this main artery in greater volume than a year ago. At the same time another stream of traffic has started and merchant shipping has been made available for the greatest transport movement which has ever been carried out."

"For three months past American troops have been coming across the Atlantic by tens of thousands, far faster than at any time the balance between the allies and the central powers is being adjusted in favor of the former."

#### Reason for Confidence.

"Viewing the war in its various aspects—naval, military and economic—we have every reason for confidence. The tide is distinctly turning, and turning, let us hope, for the last time. The submarine menace is being held. The allied armies are increasing in relative strength. The food position of this country, of France and of Italy is improving, and shipbuilding, both in British and American yards, is proceeding at a greatly accelerated pace. There is assurance that by the end of December at least 4,000,000 tons will have been put into the water here and in the United States and that figure may be considerably exceeded."

"On the other hand, the enemy's sinkings of British and allied tonnage have been so considerably reduced owing to the activities of the allied navies and the courage and resource of their merchant seamen that it is practically certain there will be a balance of shipping on the right side."

"In a word, the relative naval, military and economic strength of the allies is steadily increasing at a moment when the enemy is feeling the cumulative effects of the blockade maintained over a period of nearly four years with increasing stringency, and of the war on land, which not only has resulted in heavy casualties, but has drained the central powers of industrial workers."

### ON PANCHE'S MULE

United States Ranchman Now Rides His White Animal.

Francisco Villa's famous milk-white mule is to be seen every time L. C. Able, a rancher near Fort Hancock, Tex., comes to town for fresh supplies of beans and bacon. The mule was ridden in the field in Mexico by Villa when his wounded leg was too sore for him to ride a horse. He said this particular mule had a gait like a rocking horse, and it was for this reason he rode it except when directing a battle. The mule was brought across from Mexico by a Villa agent and later sold to Mr. Able by a rancher. His name is Panchito Villa, Panchito being the diminutive form of Francisco in Mexican.

### PHOTO BUTTONS BARRED

Order Issued Stripping Them From Uniforms of Soldiers.

Girls, don't be disappointed or angry when you see your soldier friend from his camp and find he has taken off that little picture he carried in a patent button on his uniform. An order has been issued to the effect that all patent buttons in which pictures or any other articles can be concealed or carried are to be removed from uniforms.

#### Finde 48 Snake Eggs.

Harvey Hedrick of Rockhill, Pa., found 48 copperhead snake eggs under a sod he was removing. He placed four of them in a warm place and soon they hatched. He took the remaining eggs, mashed them in the road and 44 little copperheads were released. Hedrick killed them all.